

## Poems by Yunus Emre (+1320)

Dervishhood tells me, you cannot become a dervish  
So what can I tell you? You cannot become a dervish.  
A dervish needs a wounded heart and eyes full of tears.  
He needs to be as easy going as a sheep - you can't be a dervish.  
He must be without hands when someone hits him, without tongue when cursed;  
the dervish should be without self – you cannot be a dervish.  
You make a lot of sounds with your tongue, meaningful things  
you get angry about this and that - you can't be a dervish.  
If it were all right to be angry on this path,  
Muhammad himself would have got angry  
As long as you take offence, you cannot be a dervish.  
Unless you find a real path, unless you find a guide,  
unless Truth grants you your portion, you can't be a dervish.  
Dervish Yunus, come, dive into the ocean now and then,  
unless you dive into the ocean, you cannot be a dervish.

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Those who learned to be truly human  
found everything in being humble  
while those who looked proudly from above  
were pushed down the stairs.  
A heart that must always feel superior  
will one day lose its way.  
What should be within leaks out.  
The old man with the white beard  
never sees the state he's in.  
He needn't waste money on making the Hajj  
if he's broken someone's heart.  
The heart is the seat of God, where God is aware.  
You won't find happiness in either world if you break a heart...  
Whatever you think of yourself, think the same of others.  
If the Four Books have any meaning, this is it.  
May Yunus not stray from the path or get on his high horse  
may the grave and the Judgment be no concern  
if what he loves is the face of God.

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We drank wine at the hands of a cup-bearer whose tavern is higher than the heavenly throne  
we are drunkards of the cup-bearer, our souls are His winecup.  
Here those who constantly burn are wholly transformed into light  
that fire is unlike any fire: there are no flames to be seen.  
Those drunk in this assembly only sing: I am Truth;  
like a hundred Hallajs, the lowliest of them is mad.  
In that assembly of ours the heart is the kebab;  
of that candle which burns in us, the sun and moon are moths.  
The drunkards of that assembly are like Ibrahim b. Adham;

in a single corner are as many as a hundred thousand in the city of Balkh.  
Come, take a look at those who have drunk the wine of Love;  
in so many years, how often the wine-cup has made its rounds.  
Yunus: do not utter these words of rapture to the ignorant;  
don't you know the time of the ignorant will pass?

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Our laws are different from other laws  
our religion is like no other.  
It is different from the seventy-two sects  
we are guided by different signs,  
in this world and hereafter.  
Without the cleansing of visible waters,  
without any movement of hands, feet or head –  
we worship Whether at the Ka'ba, in the mosque or in ritual prayer  
everyone carries their own disease.  
Which labels refer to whom, no-one really knows  
tomorrow it will be clear who abandoned the religion.  
Yunus, renew your soul, be remembered as a friend know this power,  
listen with the ears of love.

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My love for You goes deeper than my own soul my way amounts to this:  
I don't say I'm inside myself. I'm not.  
The I within me is deeper than myself.  
Anywhere I look it's filled with You.  
Where can I put You if You're already inside?  
You are Beauty, without features; something deeper than any signs.  
Don't ask me about myself. I'm not inside.  
My body walks, I'm clothed, yet empty.  
I can't lay a hand on the One who took me from myself.  
You can't go over the head of the Boss.  
Some people get their share of revelations,  
and some people go deeper than this.  
In the beautiful light of His face  
is a fire brighter than the light of day.  
What a suffering it is, that's deeper than any remedy.  
The Law and the Brotherhood are paths,  
Truth and Wisdom are still deeper.  
They say Solomon knew the language of birds,  
within Solomon is a deeper Solomon.  
I've forgotten religion and piety;  
what if there's a doctrine deeper than religion?  
The works of those who leave the faith are blasphemy.  
What about a blasphemy that goes deeper than faith?  
Yunus chanced to meet a Friend  
who showed him a door inside.

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The Truth fills the world  
but to whom is Truth known?  
You ask so much of It,  
but It isn't separate from yourself.  
You believe in the world  
you claim your daily bread as your own  
how long will you keep up the lie?  
you know it's not like that.  
It's a long way to the other world  
be honest with yourself  
through all the separation and painful yearning  
those who attain do not return.  
Those who come to the world will  
one by one drink the juice of death  
this world is just a bridge  
although the young wouldn't guess it.  
Come, let us get to know each other,  
let us make our work easier  
Let us love and be loved  
no-one inherits this world.  
Yunus, if you can understand  
if you can hear the meaning  
find a little happiness  
no-one's here forever.

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To be a slave to a king who can never be dethroned,  
to lean on a threshold whence none can be wrested,  
to be a bird and fly to a far-off place  
to drink of a wine from which there is no sobering  
to be a strong swimmer and plunge into the sea  
to bring out a jewel that no jeweller knows  
to enter a garden and take pleasure  
to sniff a rose that never fades,  
man must be a lover, find his beloved  
burn in the fire of love and in no other.  
Yunus, desist from thought of existence,  
turn your face in worship  
Bring a man like your true self,  
whose like the world can never know.

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Dear Friend, let me plunge in the sea of love,  
Let me sink into that sea and walk on.  
Let both worlds become my sphere where I can  
Delight in the mystic glee and walk on.

Let me become the nightingale that sings  
A soul freed from the dead body's yearnings;  
Let me bury my head in my two Hands,  
Take the path to unity and walk on.  
Thank heaven, I saw the Friend's lovely face  
And drank the wine of the lovers embrace.  
It severs me from you-it's a disgrace  
I'll abandon this city and walk on.  
Yunus drifts in the throes of love's torture:  
Of all woes, his is the worst to endure.  
For my distress only you hold the cure,  
I,11 ash for that remedy and walk on.

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Go and let it be known to all lovers:  
I am the man who gave his heart to love.  
I turn into a wild duck of passion,  
I am the one who takes the swiftest dive.  
From the waves of the sea I take water  
And offer it all the way to the skies.  
In adoration, like a cloud,  
I soar I am the one who flies to heavens above.  
He who says he sees, doesn't, though he vows;  
That man doesn't know if he claims he knows.  
He alone is the One who knows and shows.  
I am the man who has become love's slave.  
For true lovers, this land is Paradise;  
Those who know find mansions and palaces;  
Wonder struck and adoring like Moses,  
I remain on Mount Sinai where I thrive.  
Yunus is my name, I'm out of my mind.  
Love serves as my guide to the very end.  
All alone, toward the majestic Friend  
I walk kissing the ground-and I arrive.

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Ask those who know,  
what's this soul within the flesh?  
Reality's own power.  
What blood fills these veins?  
Thought is an errand boy,  
fear a mine of worries.  
These sighs are love's clothing.  
Who is the Khan on the throne?  
Give thanks for His unity.  
He created when nothing existed.  
And since we are actually nothing,  
what are all of Solomon's riches?  
Ask Yunus and Taptuk

what the world means to them.  
The world won't last.  
What are You? What am I?

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A single word can brighten the face  
of one who knows the value of words.  
Ripened in silence, a single word  
acquires a great energy for work.

War is cut short by a word,  
and a word heals the wounds,  
and there's a word that changes  
poison into butter and honey.

Let a word mature inside yourself.  
Withhold the unripened thought.  
Come and understand the kind of word  
that reduces money and riches to dust.

Know when to speak a word  
and when not to speak at all.  
A single word turns the universe of hell  
into eight paradises.

Follow the Way. Don't be fooled  
by what you already know. Be watchful.  
Reflect before you speak.  
A foolish mouth can brand your soul.

Yunus, say one last thing  
about the power of words --  
Only the word "I"  
divides me from God.

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I am before, I am after  
The soul for all souls all the way.  
I'm the one with a helping hand  
Ready for those gone wild, astray.

I made the ground flat where it lies,  
On it I had those mountains rise,  
I designed the vault of the shies,  
For I hold all things in my sway.

To countless lovers I have been  
A guide for faith and religion.

I am sacrilege in men's hearts  
Also the true faith and Islam's way.

I make men love peace and unite;  
Putting down the black words on white,  
I wrote the four holy books right  
I'm the Koran for those who pray.

It's not Yunus who says all this:  
It speaks its own realities:  
To doubt this would be blasphemous:  
"I'm before -- I'm after," I say.

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I haven't come here to settle down.  
I've come here to depart.  
I am a merchant with lots of goods,  
selling to whoever will buy.  
I didn't come to create any problems,  
I'm only here to love.  
A Heart makes a good home for the Friend.  
I've come to build some hearts.  
I'm a little drunk from this Friendship --  
Any lover would know the shape I'm in.  
I've come to exchange my twoness,  
to disappear in One.  
He is my teacher. I am his servant.  
I am a nightingale in His garden.  
I've come to the Teacher's garden  
to be happy and die singing.  
They say "Souls which know each other here,  
know each other there."  
I've come to know a Teacher  
and to show myself as I am.

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Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge:  
Knowledge means to know yourself, heart and soul.  
If you have failed to understand yourself,  
Then all of your reading has missed its call.

What is the purpose of reading those books?  
So that Man can know the All-Powerful.  
If you have read, but failed to understand,  
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Don't boast of reading, mastering science  
Or of all your prayers and obeisance.  
If you don't identify Man as God,

All your learning is of no use at all.

The true meaning of the four holy books  
Is found in the alphabet's first letter.  
You talk about that first letter, preacher;  
What is the meaning of that -- could you tell?

Yunus Emre says to you, Pharisee,  
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be  
A hundred times -- but if you ask me,  
A visit to the heart is best of all.

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My eyes exist to see You.  
My hands exist to reach You.  
Today I set my life on your Path --  
Tomorrow I will find You.

Today I set my life on your Path,  
so tomorrow you may know my worth;  
Don't give me Paradise as reward for my faith --  
I have no desire to go.

The place you call Paradise  
for which every good believer strives  
is but a house of beautiful women to the wise --  
I have no desire to embrace them.

You gave me a son and a daughter  
who've brought me every pleasure;  
even for them I have no more desire --  
All my desire is for You.

Give all that to the orthodox believers --  
They are the ones who want Your favors.  
I have no desire for home or possessions either --  
I have no desire but for You.

Yunus misses You terribly.  
Show him that You miss him too.

If Your way is not to torture,  
show some mercy so he can reach You.

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Let's be companions, the two of us.  
Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's be close intimates, the two of us.

Lets go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's go before this life is over,  
Before our bodies disappear,  
Before enemies come between us --

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Come on, let's go. Don't remain alone.  
Let's be a chisel in the Friend's hand.  
The only stop will be our sheikh's station.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's leave our towns and cities  
and gladly suffer for the Friend.  
Let's wrap our arms around our Beloved's waist.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's not be bewildered by the world.  
Let's not be cheated by its sudden dying.  
Let's not sit together never touching.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's give up this transient world  
and fly to the lasting land of the Friend.  
Let's give up all the playthings of the *nafs*.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Be a guide to me on this journey.  
Let's set our destination at the Friend,  
Not thinking where we begin or end.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

This world isn't everlasting.  
With eyes half-open it is tempting.  
Be a companion of lovers and a lover.

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Before the news of death reaches us,  
Before the hour when he grabs us by the collar,  
Before Azrail makes his sudden move,

Let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's arrive at the Divine Truth



and inquire there about Reality.  
Let's take Yunus Emre with us --

and go to the Friend, my soul.

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Oh disciple of love, open your eyes,  
look to the face of the land.  
See these subtle plants, how their flowering passes.

With such care they grow toward the Friend --  
ask them what goal they have in mind.

Each flower has a thousand ways it flirts with Truth.  
Every bird with its song is remembering the Ruler.

They praise His Ability, His Presence in every detail,  
yes, and as they see the shortness of life, they pale.

Each day their color changes,  
until they fall to the ground.  
This is a teaching for the wise to understand.

Your coming doesn't lead anywhere.  
Your laughter isn't funny.  
Your only destination is death,  
if you haven't learned to love.

Yunus, forget about talking,  
take your hand off your self. What can you do?  
Not a single thing, good or bad, is apart from God.

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That by which our hearts are held,  
whole worlds love it too.  
I can't deny the truth --  
many ways lead to the One.

Those whom the Beloved loves,  
we must also love.  
If someone is a friend to the Friend,  
how can we afford not to be friends?

If you would be a lover,  
befriend him who loves your Friend;  
and if you cannot,  
don't call yourself a friend of mine.

Whomever you tend to despise,  
hold dear instead.  
Don't belittle others, respect them.  
This is where the path leads.

If your heart is filled with love,  
your way is sacrifice.  
Through sacrifice you will find your place  
in the ranks of Love.

Hearts which truly love the Truth,  
Truth will open a door wide.  
Dismantle the house of selfishness.  
Put away your self-regard.

High and low, enemy, neighbor,  
the Friend serves them all.  
Whoever wants to spread this word  
must first go out of his home.

This counsel that Yunus gives  
is like buried gold.  
Those who love the Friend  
find peace in both worlds.

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The drink sent down from Truth,  
we drank it, glory be to God.  
And we sailed over the Ocean of Power,  
glory be to God.

Beyond those hills and oak woods,  
beyond those vineyards and gardens,  
we passed in health and joy, glory be to God.

We were dry, but we moistened.  
We grew wings and became birds,  
we married one another and flew,  
glory be to God.

To whatever lands we came,  
in whatever hearts, in all humanity,  
we planted the meanings Taptuk taught us,  
glory be to God.

Come here, let's make peace,  
let's not be strangers to one another.  
We have saddled the horse  
and trained it, glory be to God.

We became a trickle that grew into a river.  
We took flight and drove into the sea,  
and then we overflowed, glory be to God.

We became servants at Taptuk's door.  
Poor Yunus, raw and tasteless,  
finally got cooked, glory be to God.

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My soul,  
the way of the masters  
is thinner than the thinnest.  
What blocked Solomon's way was an ant.

Night and day the lover's  
tears never end,  
tears of blood,  
remembering the Beloved.

"The lover is outcast and idle,"  
they used to tell me.  
It's true.  
It happened to me.

I tried to make sense of the Four Books,  
until love arrived,  
and it all became a single syllable.

You who claim to be dervishes  
and to never do what God forbids --  
the only time you're free of sin  
is when you're in His hands.

Two people were talking.  
One said, "I wish I could see this Yunus."  
"I've seen him," the other says,  
"He's just another old lover."

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The mature ones are a sea.  
A lover is needed to take the plunge,  
a diver to bring up a pearl.

When you have brought  
the pearl to the surface,  
a jeweler is needed to know its worth.

Stay on the road until you arrive.

Be speechless. Don't become a salesman.  
Find an 'Ali to follow.

Muhammed knew Truth in himself.  
Truth is present everywhere.  
You only need eyes to see it.

Ask your daily sustenance from Truth,  
the only Apportioner. Find someone  
who is master of his ego.

The lovers asked me to sing.  
Someone without greed is needed  
to complete what is started.

Sufi, who are you kidding?  
Can anyone but Truth  
satisfy a human need?

Truth's place is in the heart.  
There is a verse in the *Quran* -- In soul  
love has a tower higher than the throne of Creation.

I've gone crazy on this Way.  
I can't tell day from night.  
The arrow of Love has pierced my heart.

Come, poor Yunus, come,  
hold the hands of the mature.  
In their humility is a cure.

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The Truth fills the world,  
but to whom is Truth known?  
You ask so much of It,  
but It isn't separate from yourself.

You believe in the world,  
you claim your daily bread as your own.  
How long will you keep up your lie?  
You know it's not like that.

It's a long way to the other world.  
Be honest with yourself  
through all the separation and painful yearning.  
Those who attain do not return.

Those who come to the world will  
one by one drink the juice of death.  
This world is just a bridge

although the young wouldn't guess it.

Come, let's get to know each other  
and make our work easier.  
Let's love, let's be loved.  
No one inherits this world.

Yunus, if you can understand,  
if you can hear the meaning,  
find a little happiness.  
No one's here forever.

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Those who became complete  
didn't live this life in hypocrisy,  
didn't learn the meaning of things  
by reading commentaries.

Reality is an ocean; the Law is a ship.  
Many have never left the ship,  
never jumped into the sea.

They might have come to Worship  
but they stopped at rituals.  
They never knew or entered the Inside.

Those who think the Four Books  
were meant to be talked about,  
who have only read explanations  
and never entered meaning,  
are really in sin.

Yunus means "true friend"  
for one whose journey has begun.  
Until we transform our Names,  
we haven't found the Way.

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True speech is the fruit of not speaking.  
Too much talking clouds the heart.

If you want to clear the heart,  
say this much, the essence of all talking:

Speak truly. God speaks through words truly spoken.  
Falsity ends in pain.

Unless you witness all of creation in a single glance,  
you're in sin even with all your religion.

The explanation of the Law is this:  
The Law is a ship. Truth is her ocean.

No matter how strong the wood,  
the sea can smash the ship.

The secret is this:  
A "saint" of religion may in reality be an unbeliever.

We will master this science and read this book of love.  
God instructs. Love is His school.

Since the glance of the saints fell on poor Yunus  
nothing has been a misfortune.

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We entered the house of realization,  
we witnessed the body.

The whirling skies, the many-layered earth,  
the seventy-thousand veils,  
we found in the body.

The night and the day, the planets,  
the words inscribed on the Holy Tablets,  
the hill that Moses climbed, the Temple,  
and Israfil's trumpet, we observed in the body.

Torah, Psalms, Gospel, Quran --  
what these books have to say,  
we found in the body.

Everybody says these words of Yunus  
are true. Truth is wherever you want it.  
We found it all within the body.

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If I told you about a land of love,  
friend, would you follow me and come?  
In that land are vineyards  
that yield a deadly wine-  
no glass can hold it.  
Would you swallow it as a remedy?

The people there must suffer.  
Would you serve the sweetest drink to others  
and take the bitter drink yourself?

There are no moons or suns there.  
Nothing waxes or wanes.  
Would you surrender your plans  
and forget about seductions?

Here we're made of water, earth, fire and air.  
Yunus tell us, is this what you're made of?

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My fleeting life has come and gone  
A wind that blows and passes by.  
I feel it has been all too brief,  
Just like the blinking of an eye.

To this true word God will attest:  
The Spirit is the Body's guest,  
Some day it will vacate the breast  
As birds, freed from their cages, fly.

Life, my good man, can be likened  
To the land that the farmer sows:  
Lying scattered all over the soil,  
Some of the seeds sprout, but some die.

If you visit and give water  
To a sick man who needs care,  
With God's wine, he shall hail you there  
One day when you soar to the sky.

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If you break a true believer's heart once,  
It's no prayer to God-this obeisance,  
All of the world's seventy-two nations  
Cannot wash the dirt off your hands and face.

There are the sages-they have come and gone.  
Leaving their world behind them, they moved on.  
They flapped their wings and flew to the True One,  
Not like geese, but as birds of Paradise.

The true road doesn't ever run awry,  
The real hero scoffs at clambering high,  
The eye that can see God is the true eye,  
Not the eye that stares from a lofty place.

If you followed the never-swerving road,  
If you held a hero's hand as he strode,  
If doing good deeds was your moral code,  
You shall get a thousand to one, no less.

These are the moving facts that Yunus tells,  
Where his blend of butter and honey jells,  
Not salt, but jewelry is what he sells  
These goods he hands out to the populace.